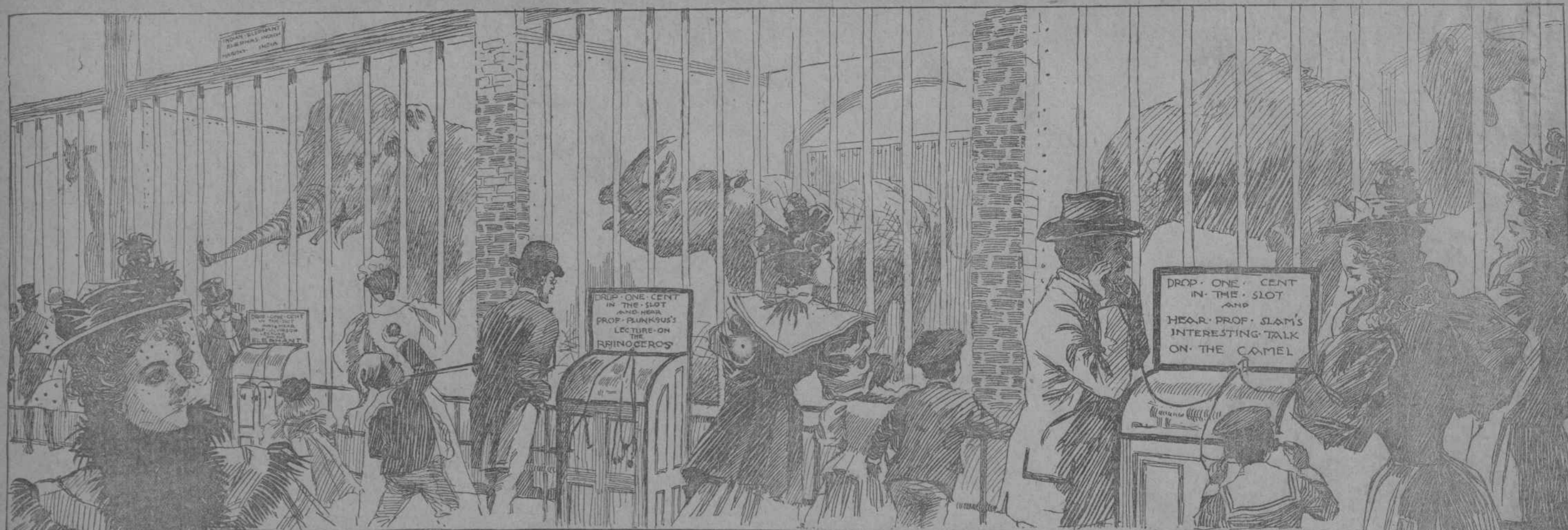


IF THIS IS DONE YOU CANNOT ONLY SEE THE ANIMALS AT THE "ZOO" BUT LEARN ALL ABOUT THEM.



A hustling American pursuer of the Al-mighty dollar has evolved a scheme for enticing the elusive nickel from the pockets of the public that for originality is a triple-plated winner.

It is alluded to as a plan for the education of the great unwashed as well as for the education and enlightenment of the educated at the purely nominal price of 5 cents per. According to the outline of the scheme as furnished by the originator, it provides for the placing of phonographs

In the different zoological gardens in this country and Europe.

A machine is to be placed before each cage, and one the cylinder will be a short scientific discourse on the beast in the cage in front, telling of its habits and points of beauty. And all for 5 cents. A nickel or its equivalent in foreign coin will set this flood of machine eloquence in motion, and thus education is provided at a very low rate.

The proposition has been made to several

zoological gardens, and has met with approval from many and the promise of an experimental trial from a few in the near future. That the plan has its merits entitling it to a serious consideration is obvious. There is much of interest concerning even the best known of animals that could be condensed into an interesting talk of five minutes' duration. The public know but little comparatively about the average zoological curiosity, and would no doubt be willing to give the plan its earnest support.

The phonograph will be arranged so that the dropping of the coin in the slot will set it in motion. The lectures will be by men noted for their study of animals, so that they will be instructive and interesting and not mere encyclopedic descriptions. The date of its introduction in New York is not yet fixed. It will be given a trial in some of the Western gardens first, and if it meets with the success that its promoters anticipate, efforts will be made to have the plan tried in the Central Park Zoo.

HOODOO OF THE CAMPAIGN.

A Startling List of Deaths and Sickness Among the Stump Speakers.

The ho-oo of the Presidential campaign is still making itself manifest in the ranks of public men throughout the country, many of whom have died and a large number of whom are sick as a result of the arduous labors they underwent between the time of the conventions and the election. The campaign made a stupendous draft upon the energies of the politicians.

Bryan set the pace in stumping and speaking soon after the Chicago convention adjourned. From that time on until election day there was no rest for the sound money orators.

Ex-Governor William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, was the first to die. He returned to Boston from the Chicago convention utterly exhausted by the prolonged fight he had made there against the silver element.

After a few days in the Massachusetts capital he started into Canada to find rest and recreation on a fishing trip. He had hardly got rid of the dust of travel when he expired from heart disease in his tent.

Ex-Speaker Crisp was the only man of national reputation on the silver side whose death was attributable to his campaign labors. He stumped Georgia against Hoke Smith, but his labors compelled him to retire early in the fight, and he died before the election.

The death of ex-Congressman Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan, was directly attributable to his labors in the campaign. He traveled 12,000 miles for the success of the Republican ticket, making seventy-five speeches in nine of the Western States.

District-Attorney John R. Fellows was one of the most active speakers during the campaign. He travelled extensively throughout the South and West. His eloquence and wit made him everywhere in request, and his services were for several months at the disposal of the sound money Democrats. His labors on the stump wore him out, and he took to his bed shortly after his return to New York, and died while congratulations were still pouring in upon Major McKinley.

Editor Joseph B. McCubough, of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat was another victim of the campaign. He did no more work on the sound-money side. Every day and night saw him at his desk in the St. Louis newspaper office, and the time not devoted to sleeping and eating was given wholly to political affairs.

These are only some of the men of national reputation who have died from the work they undertook in the campaign of 1896. In almost every State politicians of local reputation have died from exposure or overwork undertaken on behalf of their party.

The list of those who are still sick is a long one.

Mark Hanna has had to take a complete rest because of the vast labors he assumed in electing McKinley.

Coleman Robert G. Ingersoll was taken sick before the election and is still suffering.

Tom Watson became ill from exertion and exposure.

General Daniel E. Sickles is also still suffering from his labors on the stump.

William J. Bryan broke all previous records in public speaking, which was largely attributable to his comparative youth and his magnificent physical health. He was badly in need of rest and recuperation at the end of the campaign. He quickly recovered, but the older politicians were not so fortunate.

The deaths and illnesses are largely confined to the ranks of the sound-money orators. The silver speakers seem to have escaped the campaign fever, and this may be because they were in the main younger men than their sound-money antagonists.

\$10,000 FOR TWO KISSES.

This Is the Price Mrs. Emma Bradish Asks Mr. Grant to Pay Her.

Five thousand dollars is a pretty high value to set upon a kiss. That, however, is the price Mrs. Emma May Bradish places upon two of those recently taken by Sanford Grant, of Scranton, Pa., and a suit for \$10,000 is the result.

Mrs. Bradish is a petite and pretty young matron, whose home is in Utica, N. Y., but who at present is travelling with her husband, who is a photographer.

She is twenty-four years old, and no one could really be blamed for kissing her, although this is no excuse to offer her.

Sanford Grant is one of the best-known young men about town in Scranton, and is one of those fortunate few who does not have to work, owing to an income inherited from his father.

No one ever expected that he would ever be accused of stealing anything, but Mrs. Bradish makes such a charge, and further makes affidavit to the effect that Grant deliberately, and with malice aforethought, took her in his arms and stole—that is the word she uses—stole two kisses, one from her lips and one from her cheek.

Mrs. Bradish and Grant arrived in Scranton at about the same time. She was with her husband, who, with his business partner and wife, was travelling about the country in connection with his photographing business.

Mr. Grant had just returned to his home from a pleasure trip through the West, and he first saw Mrs. Bradish in the corridor of the American House, in Scranton, where she was stopping with her husband. She did not know the young man, except as one whom she had seen about the hotel, and this, in her eyes, makes the obscenity theft all the more aggravating.

That Mrs. Bradish does not think \$10,000 is a big price for the two kisses is known by her own statement of the case, which is as follows:

"The very idea of a strange man kissing me was an outrage, no matter who he might be. There can be no excuse for such ungentlemanly conduct, and I do not think that even \$10,000 is any compensation for the humiliation of the outrage.

"I came to Scranton with my husband and Mr. Richter, his business partner. Mrs. Richter accompanying her husband, and there was one other member of the party. That was Sport, a very valuable dog, who has been all over the country with my husband and myself.

"We stopped at the American House while Mr. and Mrs. Richter boarded across the street. I had seen Grant in the hotel a number of times during our stay, but had never spoken to him, nor did I see that he paid any particular attention to me.

"On the night that Grant so insulted me my husband and Mr. Richter were out of the city on business and Mrs. Richter was with me, intending to spend the night at the hotel.

"During the early part of the evening I noticed Sport seemed ill, and I sent one of my husband's employes out for a veterinary surgeon.

"Dr. John W. Courtwright came in answer to the summons and with him came Sanford Grant. The dog was lying in the hallway and I went out to tell the Doctor about the dog, as Mrs. Richter had retired.

"After Dr. Courtwright had examined the dog he went downstairs, leaving Herman Cohen, who is in the employ of Mr. Bradish, and Grant with me in the hallway.

"Grant asked me what we would drink. I thought the invitation entirely unbecomingly and decidedly rude, and refused. Grant then went downstairs, but shortly returned with two glasses of beer. He then sent

Cohen downstairs for some cigars, and, setting the beer down on a chair, came toward me.

"I was far from thinking of what was going to happen, when suddenly he threw his arms around me, and before I realized what had happened he had my arms held tightly and then deliberately kissed me once on the lips and again on the cheek.

"I never felt so in all my life. I was so surprised that I could not even scream, and for a second I could not move or think. Then he relaxed his hold a little and I broke away from him and escaped into my room.

"A few minutes later, there came a knock at the door and I asked who was there.

A CURIOUS NEW SECT.

In the parlors of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Needham, at No. 52 East Fourteenth street, this city, may be seen a small model of a church. This model serves as a coffer to hold the subscriptions of those who are building the Church of Silent Demand. The first money received for the building fund of the church came from Miss Emma Vanders, the actress, when she placed \$5 to

The idea that the members of this church work upon is that thought is a positive force and that when a number of them concentrate their wills they form an atmosphere which is powerful to achieve apparently miraculous results. According to the ideas advanced by those who claim to have experienced substantial physical and mental benefits, as well as a betterment of their material circumstances, by the effect of concentrated thought, the Church of Silent Demand may have a large congregation and yet, to all appearances, be empty.

This is explained by the contention that when a number of persons concentrate their wills upon a certain place, the higher and subtler portion of themselves is pres-



This Young Woman Values Her Kisses at \$5,000 Each.

The answer came back. "The doctor," I opened the door and there stood Grant. He started to enter the room, but I slammed the door in his face, nearly knocking him down. That was the last I saw of him that night.

"The next day I told my husband of the treatment I had received at the hands of Grant, and when the two met in the hotel office there was trouble. Mr. Bradish is a smaller man than Grant, but when the trouble was over, Grant was on the sidewalk, having gone through a big glass window, and he had a scar on his cheek that he will carry for life.

"I am not in the habit of having strange men throw their arms around me. In hotel corridors and kiss me, and the shock of that occurrence was sufficient to make me ill for several days.

"I have sufficient proof that Dr. Courtwright and Grant drugged my dog in order that Grant might find an opportunity of carrying out his purpose, and when the proper time comes we will show him up in his true colors.

"EMMA MAY BRADISH"

the credit of the fund. Amounts ranging from 1 cent to \$100 have been dropped into the small wooden model since by men and women in every walk of life.

The founder of the Church of Silent Demand was the late Prefecture Mulford, who wrote a series of philosophical essays under the title, "Our Forces and How to Use Them." In a general explanation of this strange church, he said:

"The Church of Silent Demand should be without sect and without creed. It should be open every day during the week and every night. It should be attended to materially and kept free from disturbance or disrespectful intrusion by persons who are in sympathy with this order of thought and who would accept the office as a sacred and loving trust. It should be a place of silence for the purpose of silent demand or prayer. All who enter should be asked to refrain from talking, even whispering. They should be reminded not to bring with them any frivolous mind or thought. It should be a place of earnest demand for permanent good. Yet not a place of gloom or sadness."

ent in that locality, although their physical bodies may be far away. If all simultaneously send forth the will and earnest desire to heal, it is asserted that any person who may be brought within the range of that thought atmosphere will, if suffering from ill, mental or physical, obtain positive relief.

On stated days and nights it is the intention of the hundreds of persons scattered through the country who have become members of the Church of Silent Demand to form a thought circle, and at a certain hour send their concentrated wills to the church to help the suffering.

Mrs. Russell Gurney, the widow of the Recorder of London of that name, died recently, and a short time before her death provided for a "Church of Silent Demand." She purchased a building in the cemetery of St. George's, Hanover square. At her own expense she had the house transformed into a suitable place. But before it was completed she died. This unique memorial, however, has been provided for in her will and was ready at the opening of this year as a place of meditation and silent prayer.

A CHURCH FOR THE WAR GOD.

France's New Military Church, Built for Soldiers and by Soldiers.

There has just been erected at Domremy, in France, the birthplace of the world-famous Maid of Orleans, what is perhaps the most wonderful military church in the world. It has been literally built by soldiers, for soldiers, and with the money subscribed by soldiers. It is an almost exclusively military church. There is more of the pomp and panoply of war about it than even the German Emperor's Chapel at Potsdam or the military chapel in the Invalides at Paris, in direct contrast to the peaceful aspect of most churches.

Although nominally built to perpetuate the name of Joan of Arc it is practically a temple to the god of war. The very appearance is that of a strong fortress-like building, and both the interior and exterior are decorated with warlike statues and martial figures, and everything about the church speaks of military life and affairs.

The appearance of the sanctuary's interior is certainly calculated to arouse all the military enthusiasm which the French soldier can boast of. In the porch stands a magnificently sculptured group, among which the figure of Joan of Arc, kneeling in the attitude of prayer and raising her hands and face to Heaven, is prominent. The figure is lifelike and one seems almost to hear the fair warrior's petition for divine guidance. At her right side stands St. Margaret, the patron saint of fortitude, holding the maiden's helmet, while St. Catherine, the patron saint of heroism, is on her left and bears the sword which is to be used in the battle with the British.

Another warlike figure is that of St. Michael, the great archangel of battles. He is represented as clad in a complete suit of armor as though ready for immediate warfare, and he towers high above the other figures and with his right hand points to Heaven, the warrior maid's gaze following the direction of his uplifted finger. In his left hand St. Michael holds the royal banner of France, with fleurs-de-lis, long since superseded by the national emblem, the tricolor of the revolution.

This group of statuary inspires the most peace-loving citizen with martial ardor, and there is not a soldier of the French army within miles of Domremy who has not visited the church and been struck with this grand military monument. It is significant that the group faces toward Germany, and the patron saints of heroism and fortitude are gazing out in the direction of the long-lost but not forgotten province of Alsace. This has been particularly noticed by nearly every military visitor to the church.

The walls of the church are decorated with old colors of the French regiments, tattered and torn remnants of what once were bright flags, stained with the life blood of many a gallant standard bearer and honored by victory in many a battle. On the very altar itself are marble effigies of warrior saints, with swords raised aloft and courage written on their features.

The building was commenced some years ago, and was intended to be the national memorial to the fair girl who was so cruelly burned as a witch in barbarous times. The money—\$100,000—was subscribed by French soldiers and sailors in all parts of the world.

As before mentioned, the church is specially erected for the benefit of soldiers. Services of military character are frequently conducted, and every day a mass is said for the souls of those French soldiers who have been killed in battle or otherwise in the service of their country.

A SUCCESSFUL WOMAN MINER.

Mrs. Rigdon Staked Off Her Own Claim, Wears Bloomers and Is Getting Rich.

Bloomers have brought about the fortune of at least one woman. She is Mrs. Arthur Rigdon, of Pearl, Idaho, who owns the "Woman's Right Claim," a mining ledge which has proved a bonanza.

Mrs. Rigdon is the only woman in the camp. The "Woman's Right Claim" was secured by Mrs. Rigdon by location—that is, by "staking off." This claim is 1,500 feet long, 500 feet in width, and is the most valuable piece of property in that region. Mrs. Rigdon secured it five years ago. The "croppings" were plainly visible and at the time there were comparatively few miners there.

Experts who have examined Mrs. Rigdon's claim assert that she will be a millionaire in a year's time. The fortunate woman miner is the widow of a British army officer. She is highly intellectual, and has made a thorough study of mining. She was left a widow seven years ago, and it was then that she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge to some practical use. Her decision to settle at Pearl was made after she had visited several other Western mining camps, and as soon as her claim was "staked" she had it recorded. Then it was that her hard work began.

Day after day this strange woman may be seen descending into her mine, only to come again to the earth's surface covered with dirt, but always with a face glowing with enthusiasm.

When the report was spread about that Mrs. Rigdon was wearing "trousers" and working in the mines like a man the women folk of the surrounding country were shocked, and many were the stories that passed from lip to lip. Now all this is changed.

While there is much jealousy over the rich and in the "Woman's Right Claim," there is at least one man who is delighted with the widow's prize. He is known as "Creeping Jim," and was a short while ago one of the biggest bullies in this section. He was shot into better manners. This happened over a year ago.

Mrs. Rigdon was about to lower herself down the shaft of her mine when Jim approached and asked permission to make a descent. Mrs. Rigdon consented, and the two were lowered together. Hardly had they reached the bottom of the shaft when Jim rushed at the widow and attempted to overpower her. Mrs. Rigdon always carries a revolver. Quick as a flash she stepped aside, and in another instant she had sent two bullets into the big mine.

He dropped like an ox, one bullet having penetrated his brain, the other having taken effect just below the right knee.

Mrs. Rigdon was hoisted to the surface, and later Jim was hanged up. Since that time he has been one of the widow's most ardent admirers.

Not the Same Man.

Friends of Dr. Felix Amabel, of No. 1072 Lexington avenue, the well-known Cuban physician of this city, are very judicious over the statement made last Sunday in the Journal by Henry Harris, a moribund "hond," that the doctor makes a practice of giving hypodermic injections to persons who have the moribund habit. The doctor is a regular practitioner of high standing, and no one who knows him could be induced to believe that he would lend himself under any circumstances to pandering to moribund heads. As to the man Harris, Dr. Amabel says he never saw him in his life. The Journal, under the circumstances, is very glad to place the doctor in the right light, as it knows him to be an honorable citizen and thoroughly respectable physician.

JULIAN RALPH.